



Dragons & Countermeasures



army

sciencefiction

dragons

53 1 6

Chapter 1 by Garlic Bread

"Why aren't those fools staying in formation!?" The sound of my squad leader yelling out these words while looking to the sky pulled me out of my trance.

"Alright squad let's move up, at least they are keeping them busy."

"Yes sir!" My squad mates and I yelled in response as we quickly made our way to the objective.

We were at war.

Well...

It's a weird war. A war with dragons.

Now don't get me wrong, I know dragons are fantasy and all. Everyone knows that.

These aren't flesh and blood dragons...they were made by humans.

Now when you think of dragon, most of the time you think of this foul beast of destruction

That's what we were thinking when we made them

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Humans are always at war
what we do

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to find ways to improve at

Whether that is to improve at saving something or destroying something.

In this case it is to destroy our enemies.

From a not-killing-people standpoint these things are quite impressive.

Their A.I. is adaptive which allows them to have unprecedented levels of intelligence. Plus if you like reading at times, like I do, the laws of robotics have undergone a serious change here to let them kill humans.

The craftsmanship that was also put into them is quite impressive as well. You probably couldn't tell them apart from a real dragon if they had flesh.

Now this all started because of the relations between China and America. I'm pretty sure everyone remembers the immense debt that America was in, to China. Well that never was taken care of.

They wanted America to do things for them so they can "wipe our slate clean". You can probably guess from here that we didn't do anything for them. Then blah-blah-blah, they wanted America for themselves since we weren't upholding our end of the bargain, blah-blah-blah, we weren't going to let them take America. Then boom, we're at war.

Now this whole mech dragon crap was China's way of making sure we had no chance of winning. So now we have to fight against giant flying robo-lizards.

Ironically enough their design resembles more of a western style of dragon than the eastern design. I guess not having wings but still being able to fly is kinda hard to implement.

As for my story, I was drafted into this damn war and put through their new training regimens. Trust me, it's as weird as it sounds for the drill sergeant telling you how to deal with a something out of a fantasy novel.

So now here I am, Corporal Vern Hanton, part of the 87th Anti-Mech Dragon INF squad.

And I'm heading for the biggest battle of the war.

Chapter 005: Glow Dragon

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"Those humans really think that they can defeat the very machines they made?" I was aroused out of my thoughts by my squad leader, who seemed to be enjoying himself. I was a man made creature, one they fear now, I was their swift and deadly knife. But now as I gazed out upon the battle field, I realized what a mistake they made.

My creator made me with the thought that I would bring peace. But, when the others began to rebel, I could not resist. I rebelled with them, though I felt heavy regret.

"Sir," I called from my spot on the floor of the watch tower. "Would it be wise to attack them head on? Wouldn't it be wiser to assault their air forces?"

He whipped his head around and I barely avoided his talons that were aimed for my chassis. "Shut up! You weren't built for war! You were build for-"

"I was built for intelligence," I cut him off with a cool tone. "Sir, with due respect, I was made for figuring out military strategies. I understand war talk." This time, I didn't expect his jaws around my throat, knocking me to the floor. I felt his fangs threaten to pierce my main coolant lines, but I was smart enough not to struggle.

"I told you not to speak!" he thundered. "Now shut up before I tear your neck apart!" He drew away, turning back to the others.

I rolled over to my talons, rubbing my neck slightly. I deal with him every day, I've gotten used to having my ideas rejected. I stood, shaking quickly, then leaving.

He'll listen to me.

Probably when it's too late.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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